

The Brethren's Evangelist.

H. R. HOLSINGER & CO.,

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\$2.00 per Annum in Advance.

VOL. VI.

ASHLAND, O., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17, 1884.

NO. 37.

Secure in Christ.

REV. WM. F. JACKSON.

O Lord, there is a secret place,
Secured by love divine—
A refuge in thy saving grace,
And all that seek it find.
The weak and feeble here may hide,
Secure from every snare;
Sheltered within the riven side,
No harm can reach them there.
Guarded by angels on their way,
In conflicts held secure,
If they are faithful every day
And to the end endure.
They're fed by Thee from day to day,
And every want supplied;
Within Thy will, ask what they may,
They shall not be denied,
Thus kept by Thy Almighty hand,
Till life's fierce storm is past,
Shouting, the holy, happy band,
Gain heaven and rest at last.

A Trip to the Mountains.

On a beautiful morning during the last week of July, I left the Union depot at Denver, on the Colorado Central, for a short trip to the mountains. The road from Denver to Golden lies through a level plain, dotted with farm ranches, interesting to us because they are so different from the farms of Pennsylvania. In Colorado all farming is done by irrigation. Fifteen miles from Denver, at the foothills, lies Golden, a delightful little town where are located the Colorado School of Mines, and also the Reform School. A short distance above Golden, we entered Clear Creek canon, a gorge cut into the solid rock, to a wondrous depth, through which Clear Creek, a beautiful mountain stream, winds its way in a swift current. It was my first experience of Rocky mountain travel, and it was with wonder, delight, and awe, that I looked upon the ever changing scenery of this wonderful canon. As we were winding our way along Clear Creek, frequently crossing the stream in short curves, the locomotive was the most of the time in sight. As we emerged from this narrow canon we had a magnificent view of mighty mountain peaks; whose tops are ever covered with snow. As we approached Georgetown, dark clouds obscured the mountain peaks, and a storm of rain and snow swept down the mountain passes. We were not prepared for the change in temperature and suffered from cold, but these mountain storms are soon over, and the sun shone again in all his splendor.

At Georgetown we entered the "Devil's Bridge," from there to Greymont, the ride was especially interesting. The "Loop" where the track crosses the high bridge, is a triumph of engineering skill. The track winds around the mountain side, and when on the high bridge, looking down we saw along the mountain tracks we had crossed, and the town of Georgetown several hundred feet below us. The distance from Georgetown to Silver Plume is one mile, on a straight line; by railroad, five miles. Near Silver Plume is Bridal Veil Falls; a beautiful sheet of water falling down the mountain side. Greymont, a mining camp, is the terminus of the road. There tourists obtain conveyances to make the ascent of Geys Peak, one of the highest peaks of the Rockies; being two hundred and thirty feet higher than Pike's Peak. As we look upon these grand mountain peaks, and think how they stand, unchanging in their awful grandeur, we feel our insignificance as we never before felt it. We look up in reverence to the Creator of the Universe.

On Sunday, the 17th of August, we went to the Central Presbyterian church, to hear Dr. Hayes, formerly from Pennsylvania, on his return from Europe; where he had gone, as a delegate, to the Pan Presbyterian Assembly, at Belfast. The church was crowded by an attentive and interested audience. Dr. Hayes is the beloved pastor of the largest church in Denver. This church is doing good work among the Chinese. It has established a Sunday school for them. At first they had a teacher for every scholar; now, they have two scholars in a class. Nine of them were converted to christianity in one year. There are churches here of all denominations; some large, others small. Last Sunday I attended Episcopal services in a hall in Highland, and was surprised to find only eight present. The minister did not seem discouraged but preached an interesting sermon.

BARBARA SNOWBERGER.

Denver, Colorado.

From Farmersville, Ohio.

EVANGELIST, No. 36, is full of good things. Those who think that Trine Immersion is only a "Dunkard" institution, ought to read the clipping from the Independent, entitled "Baptism in the East," on first page. It was by seeing a baptism performed in the Greek church in the East, that I received my first idea of trine immersion. This was about seventeen years ago.

In my travels I often hear that German Baptists and their friends take a great delight in telling every one that will listen to them, that the Brethren are fast dwindling away to nothing. Such people ought to be handed a copy of the EVANGELIST occasionally.

Brother John D. McFaden's initial article last week is worthy of every one's perusal. We hope he will enroll himself on the list of our contributors, and that we shall often hear from him.

Will our good-natured editor tell us how many new meeting houses have been built and dedicated by the Brethren since the division? Many, if not all, of your readers would be glad to know, so that we can realize how well the Lord has prospered our efforts. This will enable us to refute the malicious assertions made by our opposers that the Brethren are falling away.

Last Thursday evening, the 11th inst., the Lexington Brethren held a lovefeast in the barn of brother Ephraim Baker. The Lord gave us his blessing and we felt strengthened and encouraged to contend with the jagged realities of life. I did not count the communicants, but there were something in the neighborhood of thirty, many of whom communed for the first time. Those who came there to satisfy an honest curiosity went away with a better opinion of us. At least that was the way they talked.

Last Sabbath morning I preached at Winchester, and in the evening at Farmersville.

Our appointments for this week are as follows: Wednesday evening, the 17th, five miles south of Miamisburg; Friday evening, a lovefeast at brother D. R. Wampler's; Saturday evening at New Lebanon; and on Sunday at Farmersville in the morning, and Lexington in the afternoon.

On Tuesday, the 23rd, we have our regular appointment at Wares chapel, near West Manchester. Also on Wednesday and Thursday evenings we will preach in that neighborhood within a radius of four miles from above place.

We greatly need ministerial help here in the Miami valley. The calls for preaching are becoming more numerous and urgent every week. We hail the return of brother J. P. Martin to his old home at New Lebanon with joy. We expect great help from him during the coming winter.

Oh, yes! we have found out something more about the German Baptist "Brethren's Bible-alone church" that we enquired about a few weeks ago. We were handed a clipping from the Gospel Messenger, containing a report of it. It is to be found in Council Bluffs, Iowa, and is reported by L. S. Snyder. The idea of the German Baptists having a "Bible-alone" congregation after what they have said and done against this doctrine is so astonishing to us that we cannot realize it yet. However we hope this may keep them from ridiculing and denouncing the Bible-alone doctrine as they have been doing.

That scandalous and malicious paragraph by D. C. Moomaw, in Gospel Messenger, and which was editorially noticed last week was somewhat of a surprise to some of us. We can hardly believe that this is the same D. C. Moomaw who took such an important part at the annual meeting of Arnold's Grove, to bring about a reconciliation between the two parties, when brother Holsinger was expelled by that body.

EDWARD MASON.

There is always time for the doing of that which one really desires and is fully determined to do.

Many men claim to be firm in their principles, when really they are only obstinate in their prejudices.

He who would be a great soul in the future must be a great soul now.

The first step to virtue is to love virtue in another.

It rather loads than raises a wren to fasten the feather of an ostrich to her wing.

Why the Baby Came.

Pillowed on flowers, with a half open bud in his tiny hand, the baby lay a beautiful image of repose. Nothing could be lovelier than the delicate face, the little lips just parted, the white brow shaded by soft silken curls. There was nothing of the repulsion from death which some people always suffer beside a corpse to be felt by the most sensitive here. As beautiful now as he ever had been in his brief, sweet life, the darling seemed to be asleep.

But it was a frozen sleep. The strong man, pale with suppressed emotion, was one who had felt the fountains of fatherhood stirred for the first time when the little one uttered the first feeble cry. The mother leaning on his strength now, because grief had crushed all her own, had been thrilled with the highest joy of womanhood when this nursing was given her six months ago. Everything was over now; the little garments must be folded up and put away; there would be no need of waking in the night to take care of baby. Baby was gone.

The minister had said tender words and prayed a prayer of thankfulness and trust. He had been to so many baby funerals in the quarter-century during which he had led his flock, the words of comfort came readily to his lips, and he meant them every one. He felt that of such as this wee blossom were the flowers fittest for the kingdom of heaven.

By and by the last rites were performed. There was one little mound more in the cemetery and one more desolate house in the town. These bereft parents were elect members of the largest household under the stars—the household of mourning.

The world is full of sympathetic hearts, but it is full also of hearts that are busied with their own cares and perplexities. There are always many to have a passing and very sincere sorrow for those who have been afflicted; yet after awhile, when, in the opinion of friends, there has been time enough for the recovery of cheerfulness, even relatives and friends began to chide the persistently sad.

"Why did the baby come if it was so soon to be taken?" say these.

You may notice that you seldom hear this question from the lips of a mother. She is glad way down in the profoundest depths of her wounded heart that she had the child, though it be removed from her arms. She is glad to wear the mother's crown though it be a crown of thorns.

To the inquirer may this answer be made:—The baby came for two great reasons. One was, that he might broaden and enlarge the whole life-sweep of all who loved him. Their care for him gave them a comprehension of the mystery of childhood and a feeling of the fatherhood of God that without him they might never have possessed.

The other was, that the little spirit, flying homeward, might draw by a slender silver thread, invisible but never slackening, the hearts of father and mother to the land where He dwells, of whom the whole family in heaven and in earth is named. The baby came not in vain.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

How To Treat Sorrow.

Sorrow comes into our lives like a visitor into our dwellings. How shall we treat the visitor? Shall we pay her every attention, or no attention? Shall the machinery of life be stopped altogether, and the operators stand still, making of her presence an interruption and an injury? Or shall she be treated as if she were not—no room made for her, no heed paid to her, no lesson learned from her? We treat no proper guest in either of these ways. We receive her and honor her, and minister to her, but home remains home, and life goes on, and we try to get good out of our friends coming and staying. So sorrow comes at the heavenly father's bidding, not to be ignored on the one hand, not to be supreme on the other, but to take up a disciplining and sanctifying abode with us. She comes not as an intruder to be driven out, not as a sovereign to take possession; but as a companion, whose daily intercourse is to purify and soften every thing it touches, and who, when her mission is accomplished, will silently depart, leaving the blessing of her presense behind her.

A noble heart, like the sun, showeth its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.

Church News.

On Saturday morning, September 6th, nine of us, three brethren and six sisters, set out at sunrise, by private conveyance, enroute for the lovefeast with the Brethren, seven miles north of Porter, Osborn county, this State, and about thirty-five miles southwest of here, which was appointed for the 6th and 7th inst. services to commence at two, p. m.

We had a pleasant trip and would have reached the place of meeting in good time, but met with a little accident. One of the brethren broke his buggy tongue, which detained us about one hour, making us a little late for the afternoon services. As we drove up to the place of meeting we were eager to know whether brother Arnsberger from Norton county, was present, and, sure enough, the first to meet us was brother Jacob. He clasped our hands and wept for joy. Well, brother Jacob is getting a little old but his zeal in the Master's cause continues unabated. May his last days be his best days. The membership in this church is not large but all seem to be zealous workers. The meeting was well attended, and with a more orderly set of people we never met. Quite a number of Old Order brethren were present in the evening and met us very friendly. Upon the whole it was indeed, a lovefeast to all the brethren and sisters. All seemed to be much refreshed and encouraged in the Master's cause.

On Sunday morning brother David Brumbaugh was ordained to the full ministry, and brother John Wagner was called to the ministry to assist brother David.

The brethren here are now fully organized. May the blessing of God attend them in their efforts for good. The meetings closed on Sunday night with a full house, and the best of interest.

On Monday we returned home and found all well. Thank God. C. FORNEY.

Burr Oak, Kans.

W. A. Spanogle's Report, with a Question.

Dear Evangelist; "Ye Editor" has been with us, and gone. Acquitted himself nobly, and although regarded as the "Jeroboam" of the Dunker Church, his preaching among us has considerably tempered the feelings toward him on the part of the German Baptists. This "terrible man," called Holsinger, preached such practical, plain, gospel sermons, that some have concluded that there may some good thing come out of Nazareth, even yet. The Lord bless brother Holsinger in his arduous labors. We have nothing special to chronicle—church news not specially sensational—as an item of interest, I chronicle the fact that a few miles north of us was held, latterly, a Sunday school convention—under the auspices of the Lutheran Church. Among its most prominent participants, were Elder James A. Sell, of the German Baptist church. Essay—Sister Elder James A. Sell, Rev.'s Brice Sell and David Sell, all members of the German Baptist church. It is said they acquitted themselves very creditably, the decree of annual meeting to the contrary notwithstanding. Subsequently Elder Sell's church held a "Children's meeting," which was addressed by Elder James Quinter—how is this, brother Editor, is this not treading upon unhallowed ground? Is there not a plank somewhere in the immense code of laws, that forbids this? Fraternally, WILL. L. SPANOGLE.

Martinsburg, Pa., Sept. 12.

We are weak and helpless, and if left to ourselves, in attempting to work out the salvation of our souls, in view of the many difficulties that surround us, we might well, indeed, yield to despair, for our own strength is insufficient. But while this is the case, we are assured of divine help, for God worketh in us, drawing our hearts to Himself, exciting in us holy desires and purposes, and strengthening us with might by His spirit to do His will. We are assured that his strength shall be made known in our weakness, and that as our day, so shall our strength be. This is the source of our encouragement and joy. God is with us and He is more than all that can be against us. Trusting in Him we shall succeed. Remember you have a great work to do. Do not neglect it. The time is short. Work, while it is day, lest the night come when no man can work.—Methodist Recorder.